

The Feat Of Man

Of Virtue

I am torn between dreams and the feat of man.
I want more than ever,
to follow through with all my aspirations.
If not for them,
I would be a hollow man.
All of a sudden,
I have a heart made of something more than flesh,
and it's yearning for so much more than this.
Where is my heart in this?
Where is my ambition?
There are some days,
when I feel like I am right where I am meant to be.
There are other days,
that just seem to stab me right in the back,
as if I am the thief.
I will no longer be a victim to untried dreams.
Among this vast battleground filled with bloodstained bayonets
,
armed with steady rifles and cross-haired bullets,
how is a man with hopes and dreams,
calloused hands and splintered knees,
to push against this wind?
Push against this doubt?
Is this all for nothing?
Am I just waking from my dreams once again?
This is the feat of man.
So they say there's a time, in every man's life,
when he must learn to let go.
Now is not that time.
I will never be a hollow man again.